

Icarus as Teacher

ANN ZOLLER

When Icarus taught me
to fly beyond the dream,
I saw your face fade into a lace cloud;
the cheekbone prominent,
your jaw relaxed into a smile.

Below, the water swirls green foam,
light becomes yellow air.

There is too much passion in the body,
the room quivers.

What goes unsaid floats in the air,
churns the heart until
we turn our faces
to find the light.

Where will our wings
take us?
Are we too close
to the sun?

All we have is a peach
picked this morning
sliced into a Waterford bowl,
topped with yogurt.